

One of the leading interpreters of the folk song "Tom Dooley," is Doc Watson. While we were writing this issue, we heard Doc was appearing at the Club 47 in Cambridge, only six blocks from where we have our offices. So, we went to interview him, with the hope that he would shed some light on the character of Tom Dula, and the sad events of May, 1866.

Doc's version of the song is worth elucidating here, because it is deeply sympathetic to Tom Dula. Any of our readers who would like to hear it can find it on Vanguard Albums No. VRS-9152 and VSD-79152-stereo.

TOM DOOLEY: DOC WATSON VERSION

Chorus

Hang your head Tom Dooley
Hang your head and cry
You killed poor Laury Foster
And you know you're bound to die

1. You left her by the roadside
Where you begged to be excused
You left her by the roadside
And then you hid her clothes and shoes

Chorus

2. You took her on the hillside
For to make her your wife
You took her on the hillside
And then you took her life

You dug the grave four feet long
And you dug it three feet deep
You rolled the cold clay over her
And chopped it with your feet

Chorus